

Passing Through

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Passing Through by gazebozeddie

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Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

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Summary:

“For the prompt thing Bill has loved Richie since he was young but doesn’t tell him. When they’re older Richie leave to tour with his band and leaves a letter for Bill hidden in their secret place detailing how in love he is with Bill and how he knows he shouldn’t feel that way about his best friend” -anon

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Author's Note:

you can find this on my tumblr gazeboseddie

Bill knew that he was in love with one of his best friends since they were kids. He always noticed his gaze slowly gravitating towards Richie Tozier. The loud-mouthed, couldn't stay still to save his life, Richie Tozier. He couldn't pinpoint when this started, sneaking glances and thinking about holding Richie's hand. Sometimes, he thought maybe Richie felt the same. Their eyes would meet and Richie would give him the widest grin and a wink. If he did have feelings for Bill Denbrough, he never said a word about it or acted upon it.

You weren't supposed to feel that way about your best friend. You weren't supposed to think about holding their hand, cuddling with them, or kissing their cheeks. Bill had seen the pamphlets Eddie's mother made him read. *Is Your Child Gay? AIDS and Everything You Need To Know. How To Keep Your Child Safe From The Gays.*

His blood had gone cold when he found the crumbled up papers Eddie's dresser. Eddie had rolled his eyes when he noticed Bill looking at them. "My mom has a million of those things," Eddie stated with a shrugged. What Eddie's mom didn't know was that Eddie was seeing Mike behind her back. All of the Losers were accepting of the two, but they kept it secret around anyone else. Eddie was the only one that knew about Bill liking boys, but he didn't know about his crush on Richie. No one knew, or so he thought.

"We graduate in two weeks," Bill said softly, changing the subject. Bill wasn't sure what he was going to do after school. Richie hadn't been quiet when he told the Losers that he was leaving after school. He was going on the road with his band. The Losers had convinced him to stay until after school even though they knew he wanted to leave right then and there. His bandmates were a few years older than him, Bill still wasn't sure how Richie had met them.

"Are you going to tell him?" Bill looked over at his friend, his face

scrunched up in confusion. What was Eddie talking about? Tell who what? Fear found its way into Bill's mind. Did Eddie know about Richie? "Don't look at me like I've grown two heads, Billiam."

Bill moved to sit on Eddie's bed, he grabbed a pillow and held it against his body. He didn't look at Eddie. Instead, he looked at Eddie's perfectly white carpet. He didn't want to talk about this, it made him uneasy. He didn't answer him, he only shook his head and held the pillow tighter. "Bill," Eddie said softly. "You don't have to say anything, but just listen. Okay?" Bill only nodded. "I can't speak for him when it comes to his feelings, but you've liked him for years, and don't tell me you haven't, and I think you should tell him."

"He's leaving, Eddie," Bill whispered. He was leaving and Bill wasn't going to stop him. He couldn't get in the way of Richie's dreams. He didn't believe that Richie felt the same way as him, but he couldn't get in the way if he did happen to share the same feelings. "I can't stop him." Bill felt the tears rushing to his eyes but didn't stop them from falling. One that he learned from when he was younger that it was okay to cry.

Graduation had been tougher than he thought. It felt like reality was crashing down on him. Richie was leaving in a few days and soon his other friends would be leaving Derry as well. Bill planned to check out a few colleges in the next couple of weeks. Nothing had caught his interest just yet. It had been a couple of days since graduation and the Losers were sitting around Bill's living room, telling stories about when they were younger.

"Remember when chili came out of Richie's nose when Stan made him laugh?" Bev giggled. No one could recall the joke, but everyone remembered what the joke was. But it had to be pretty funny for Richie Tozier to laugh until chili from a chili dog came out of his nose. The entire group was laughing at this point.

Eddie put his head on Bill's shoulder and whispered into his ear, "He leaves in two days. You still have time." He pulled his head away before Bill could answer him. He could feel his ears burning. He looked over at Richie only to see that he was already looking at him. Bill gave him a small smile before excusing himself to get a drink.

Part of him wanted Richie to follow him, but didn't and Bill was thankful for that. What did he think was going to happen if Richie followed? They'd makeout? They'd tell each other they loved each other? He'd stay? Bill couldn't be that lucky and he wouldn't make Richie stay for him anyways. He pulled a glass from the cabinet and filled it with water before returning to the living room. He made a note that there was now one Loser that wasn't there anymore. Richie.

Bill raised an eyebrow at the group, which was quiet now. "He had some packing to do," Eddie explained. He got up from his spot and stretched. "He left you this." He handed Bill a folded note. The Losers, one by one, got up from their places. "We're gonna go, leave you to your note."

Bill only nodded and once they were gone, he opened the letter.

Big Bill,

I'm leaving tonight, as you're reading this. I didn't want to tell anyone, especially you. You may hate me after this, but continue reading. Please

I have loved you since we were kids. I know, you must be disgusted. But I needed you to know before I left. I've loved you for so long and it hurts to leave. To leave you behind. But I have to. You probably don't feel the same as I do and that's okay. But I'll see you next time I'm in town.

Love, Trashmouth Tozier

Tears ran down Bill's cheeks. Before he knew it, he was on his way to Richie's house. His mind was so clouded that he ran instead of taking his car. But as he was coming up to his house, he could see Richie's band's van leaving in the opposite direction. He was too late. He pulled his cell phone from his pocket and opened up his messages.

to Richie: I love you too

But he didn't get an answer. Not at that moment.

Months later, Bill had found the perfect college for him. It was a few states away from Derry. He still kept in touch with the other Losers and they usually made plans to see each other every so often. Bill had

lucked out and had gotten a dorm to himself. He was thankful that he didn't have a roommate to complain about his taste in music or when he had friends over.

A knock at the door pulled Bill away from his homework. He hadn't been expecting anyone. He checked the time on his phone, it wasn't too late. But again, he wasn't expecting anyone. He set down his pencil and got up from his desk. He slowly opened the door to see a very familiar glasses wearing young man. A smile tugged on his lips when he saw him.

"Are you going to let your boyfriend in or are you just gonna keep smiling like an idiot?" Typical Richie.

Bill opened the door wider so his boyfriend could enter his dorm. "You didn't tell me you were coming." Bill had been stutter free since the beginning of college. The two had started a long distance relationship and tried to see each other whenever they could. Bill had been to a few of Richie's concerts but most of the time they relied on text and phone calls to hear from one another.

"Surprise, bitch," Richie wore a shit eating grin as he pulled his boyfriend into a kiss.